Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
Demetrius. By this our mother is for euer shamde,
Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
Nurse. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death,
Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.
Aron. VVhy ther's the Priuiledge your beautie bears:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betraie with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of thy hart:
Her's a young Lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,
As who should say, olde Lad I am thine owne.
Hee is your brother Lords, sensiblie fed
Of that selfe bloud that first gaue life to you,
And from your wombe where you imprisoned were,
Hee is infraunchised, and come to light:
Nay hee is your brother by the furer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.
Nurse. *Aron*, what shall I say vnto the Empresse?
Demetrius. Aduise thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue thou the childe, so wee may all be safe.
Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult,
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safetie.
Demetrius. How many women saw this childe of his?
Aron. why so braue Lords, when we ioine in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the Moore,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lioness,
The Ocean swels not so as Aron stormes:
But saie againe, how manie saw the childe?
Nurse. *Cornelia* the Midwife, and my selfe,
And no one els but the deliuered Empresse.
Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said. *He kils her.*

weeke,

VVeeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared t
Deme. what meanst thou Aron, wherfore d
Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deede of pollicie,
Shall shee liue to betraie this gilt of ours?
A long tongude babling Gossip? No Lords, n
And now be it knowne to you my full intent
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Countriman
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and giue the mother g
And tell them both, the circumstance of all,
And how by this their childe shall be aduau
And be receiued for the Emperours Heire,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court
And let the Emperour dandle him for his ow
Harke yee Lords, you see I haue giuen her P
And you must needs bestow her Funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Gro
This done, see that you take no longer daies,
But send the Midwife presently to mee.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made away
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. *Aron*, I see thou wilt not trust the aire
Demetrius. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her selfe, and hers, are highlie bound to thee.
Aron. Now to the *Gothes* as swift as swalle
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretlie to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thicke-lipt-slaue, I le beare yo
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feede on berries, and on roots,
And feede on curds and whay, and sucke the
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp,
To be a warriour and commaund a Campe.